

WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

The Day's Message.

By the glimmer of green and golden,
The leap and sparkle of spray;
By the heart of the rose unfolding
To the breath of the summer day;
By the shout and song of the reapers,
Binding the ripened sheaf;
By the sweet of the honey of lilacs,
By the fall of the jessamine leaf;
By the fields all brown and sore,
Through the march of the changing
Season
We measured the passing year.

By the brave things thought or spoken,
By the true deeds simply done;
By the mean things crushed and con-
quered,
And the bloodless battles won;

By the days when the load was heavy,
Yet the heart grew strong to bear;
By the dearth, the dole and the labor,
The fullness, reward and cheer;
By the book of the angel's record,
We measured the passing year.

For the Thanksgiving Dinner.

I think a Thanksgiving dinner-table should be differently decorated from one for any other occasion, writes Anna Wentworth in the *Woman's Home Companion*. It should look loaded. My centerpiece will be a big scooped-out pumpkin, with the edges scalloped, filled with fruit arranged prettily on leaves—bananas, oranges, lady-apples and grapes.

At one end of the table will be a representation of a mammoth pumpkin pie (this for the benefit of the children), made from a bread-pan, with crinkled yellow tissue-paper around the edges and filled with saw-dust, in which is concealed trifles one for each person present, done up in yellow paper tied with yellow ribbon. The ribbon bows and ends will make the top of the pie. At the close of dinner it will be passed, and every one will get a pull and a package. At the other end of the table I will have a bowl of yellow chrysanthemums—the flower of the Thanksgiving season. At the four corners I will put horns of plenty made of card-board covered with yellow crinkled tissue-paper. Out of one of these cornucopias will pour chocolates, out of another figs and dates, out of the third nuts and raisins, and out of the fourth candy trifles.

A Woman's Hour.

Please state to the court exactly what you did between 8 and 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning," said a lawyer to a delicate-looking little woman on the witness stand.

"Well," she said, after a moment's reflection, "I washed my two children and got them ready for school, and sewed a button on Johnny's coat, and mended a rent in Nellie's dress. Then I tidied up my sitting-room and watered my house plants and glanced over the morning paper. Then I dusted my parlor and set things to rights in it, and washed my lamp-chimneys and combed my baby's hair and sewed a button on one of her little shoes, and then I swept out the front entry, and brushed and put away the children's Sunday clothes, and wrote a note to Johnny's teacher asking her to excuse him for not being at school on Friday. Then I fed my canary bird and gave the groceryman an order." She swept off her back porch, and then I sat down and rested a few minutes before the clock struck 9. That's all," Philadelphia Times.

Heroic Woman at the Siege of Peking.

Lady Macdonald, Mrs. Conger, and the other ladies of the legation offered their curtains and portieres for use, and the sewers rushed out up most exquisitely embroidered draperies into sand-bags, while those who were in charge of the fortifications continually sent messengers asking for "more," "more." One of the mission ladies had just had in a new supply of table linen, and some of the native Christians finding it and knowing whose it was, brought it to her. This, with all like material, was used, as were drawnwork linen sheets and pillow-cases, while bolts of rare damask linen were cut up without compunction. In fact, all sense of cost, and even sense of beauty, seemed to be lost in the eager desire to furnish the means of protection to human lives. Besides these beautiful things thus sacrificed, there were also used common materials, such as old Mongol tents, hanging to sedan chairs, and stacks of old Chinese clothing. These were cut out and sometimes sewed by foreign ladies unused to other than delicate work. However, the foreign ladies were greatly assisted by the Chinese

girls of the mission schools and by the women of the families of native Christians. Of the former there were some 150. Besides the supplies brought from the foreign stores there were great rolls of cotton cloth, also of silk and brocade satin, from Chinese stores. The Chinese at their funerals wear special garments. Many of these were used, the long, large sleeves being well suited to the purpose of bag-making. It was a continual surprise that new supplies from new sources came in each day as needed.

The house-keeping committee and those who worked in the diet kitchen were particularly hard-worked, being constantly busy, and exhibited an ingenuity in planning and preparing appetizing edibles that was marvelous. The materials were horseflesh (called pony meat), coarse wheat flour, and dark-colored rice. These were the staple materials. There was a small quantity of canned meats, which was used as an occasional relish. The white rice and all delicacies were



DOWN AMONG THE CRACKERS. By Rosa Pendleton Chiles, Cincinnati: The Editor Publishing Company. Bound in cloth, 38 pages. Price, \$1.00. Thomas Nelson Page and Joel Chandler Harris have preserved for this and future generations the type of the old-time darkey; George W. Cable has given us the characteristics and the pathos of the half-breeds of Louisiana; Mary E. Wilkins has drawn



Still after on her aim is true,
Though not in spot'sman's art;
Her eyes shoot straighter than her gun—
She's bagged her game—my heart.
—John C. Haver.

reserved for the babies and the sick. One of the missionaries told me she went each day to another part of the legation, in constant danger of flying bullets, to get a slice of white bread for her sick baby. The woman having the flour baked a loaf each day, not for the use of her family, but for the sick.

While there were three ladies on the standing committee of housekeeping, all the ladies took their turns in looking after the cooking, serving, table-setting, &c. As there were seventy in this family, they were divided into three messes. And it was necessary to have three of each of the meals. As the dining-room was also living- and sleeping-room, it required much work to keep it in presentable condition. One of the hardest things to bear was the utter impossibility of having quiet. There were times when it was unsafe for any one to be outside the building, and all work had to be done with a large number in the room. Outside, near the rear of the building, inside, three busy sewing-machines, and women and children, and servants at work, besides all the men not required outside on the fortifications or at the mill. This constant noise and impossibility to be alone—was more wearing upon the nervous system than any amount of work.—Alice Hamilton Rich in Leslie's Weekly.

"I am not at all certain," said the father, "that my daughter loves you sufficiently to warrant me intrusting her to your keeping for life."
"Well," replied the young man, "perhaps you haven't the same advantage for observing things as I have."—Stray Stories.

DAVID HARUM, A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE. By Edward Noyes Westcott. Illustrated by B. West Cline. With a few text drawings by C. D. Farrand. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Bound in cloth, illustrated, 12 Mo., gilt top, 410 pages. Price, \$2.00. The firm of D. Appleton & Company have gotten out an illustrated edition of David Harum. This is most timely, in view of the approaching holiday season, since "David Harum" has become an American classic, and will find, for a year to come, eager purchasers. The illustrations are by that well-known artist, B. West Cline, whose name is a guarantee of merit. Mr. C. D. Farrand has also furnished some pleasing and appropriate text drawings. The volume is the most attractive specimen of book-making.

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING. A Love Story of Old Madrid. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company. Bound in cloth, 12mo., gilt top; illustrated, 28 pages. Price, \$1.50. This is a most thrilling story, written by that voluminous author, F. Marion Crawford. The setting is the gorgeous Spanish court, in the time of Philip II. With that is the grandeur of Spain, in such eminent degree the author brings before us the magnificent pageantry and the wealth of beauty and gorgeousness of costumes which characterized the court of Spain. The grandees of Spain, clad in velvet and silk, blazing with their jeweled orders; the great ladies of the court, in sheen of silk and glimmer of satin, with the gleam of jewels; the king's jester, clad in red velvet, the King melancholy, sombre, repellent, though clad in silk and wearing the collar of the Golden Fleece; the pathetic

young Queen, his fourth wife; Don John of Austria, the central figure, the idol of all Spain, the hero of the hour, who has won back Granada from the Moors; Dolores, a lady of the court, beloved of Don John, and the pathetic figure of Inez, the blind girl, who also loves Don John—all these move before us as realities. The action is rapid, the entire story being the narrative of the marvelous events taking place in the palace during one night. The characters stand out boldly and in sharp contrast, the victorious Prince and the gloomy, unpopular King; the brave old hero Mendoza, with his unswerving loyalty to the King, and the fawning courtiers, at the same time plotting treason on their hearts. In contrast to his promise as a soldier, his bravery as a man, is the beautiful tenderness and respect of Don John for his sweetheart, the fair Dolores with the golden hair and deep gray eyes. It is a stirring tale of by-gone days with a magnificent setting, and told with the skill which Mr. Crawford possesses in such high degree.

HER VERY BEST. By Amy E. Blanchard, author of "Miss Vanity," "Betty of Wye," "Two Girls," etc. Illustrated by Margaret F. Winner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Bound in cloth, illustrated, 12 mo., 271 pages. Price, \$1.25.

Miss Blanchard's new book, "Her Very Best," will be welcomed by those in search of good, wholesome stories for young girls. In this day there are so many books that are unfit to be put in the hands of girls building into womanhood that it is a pleasure to find one interesting and at the same time harmless. Like her author's previous books, "Her Very Best" commends itself to the high aspirations and the noble thoughts that revolve in youthful minds, and that the latter tells of a dual love affair does not make it less attractive to young maidens.

TOMMY AND GRIZEL. By James M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. For sale by The Bell Book and Stationery Company, Richmond, Va. Bound in cloth, illustrated, 12 mo., 50 pages. Price, \$1.50.

In "Tommy and Grizel" we follow "Sentimental Tommy" through the remainder of his life. He continues to be the same whimsical, imaginative creature, disappearing to the end, because every now and then our hopes are raised, and we say to ourselves, "Now Tommy is going to do something grand," but he disappoints us every time; and he continues to the end of his life to dream noble things and never do them. In contrast, we have Grizel, strong, capable, heroic, loving much and thus forgiving much to the less stable, imaginative, artistic Tommy.

The story is a tragedy, and ends unsatisfactorily; but, since it seemed impossible to make "Sentimental Tommy" other than he was, there was nothing left for Mr. Barrie to do but kill him, which he does in dramatic style. The book has all of the quaint humor, the delicate pathos, the fine character painting, which we learned to love in "The Little Minister," but as a story it is not a success. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne says of him:

"And then he is not, never has been and never will be, a novelist. He is an essayist using the form of the dramatic sketch to illustrate his meditation upon human life. His method, particularly in this recent book, is a little like Tommy's own early method. He is so fond of the children of his own fancy that he seems reluctant, like an anxious mother, to let them act for themselves, though I will admit that they occasionally break loose from their creator's guiding lines and play a moving scene on their own account so well that we forget their mother-author."

A KENTUCKY CARDINAL AND A TERTIARY. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company. Bound in cloth, illustrated, two in one volume; large 12 mo., gilt top; deckle edges; 276 pages. Price, \$2.50.

These two little games of literature are now issued in one volume by the Macmillan Company. It is a most sumptuous volume, bound in red, with numerous gold "Kentucky Cardinals" decorating upon the cover. Inside there are wide margins, fine paper, and the illustrations are by Hugh Thompson. The illustrations are very quaint, and suit the spirit of the text. The greatest attraction, however, is a new preface by Mr. Allen, dated October 29, 1900, in which he gives a brief autobiography of his literary career, the various influences that resulted in giving him that intimate knowledge of the out-door world which is the chiefest charm of his writing.

JOY AND OTHER POEMS. By Danseke Dandridge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bound in cloth, 12mo.; gilt top; round edges; 206 pages. Price, \$1.50.

This is a new and enlarged edition of Mrs. Dandridge's dainty poems. There is a delicacy, a refinement, and a spontaneity about this little volume of verses that are rarely found. They bubble up as joyous as the singing of the birds, and are redolent of the sweet woodscents. The writer is a Nature worshiper, and the dear old mother has opened her heart to this fair apostle and shown to the world the secret of the bird and the butterfly, of the flowers and the wood fairies.

The verses are classified as follows: Poems of the Imagination, Poems of the Love of Nature, Poems of Friendship. The poems are almost faultless, especially considered. It is impossible to give a fair example in this limited space, but these two short poems show something of the writer's style:

The trees are standing straight and bold,
Stripped of their wreath with the cold;
The clouds are flying, cold and gray;
The restless birds have flown away.
The storm-seeds, soul has cast aside
The vestment of her summer pride.
Come, let and snow; come, shrieking blast;
The soul, deep-rooted, standeth fast.
And bears through Winter's buffeting,
The secret promise of the spring.

WINGS.
Shall we know in the hereafter
All the reasons that are hid?
Does the butterfly remember
What the caterpillar did?
How he waited, toiled, and suffered,
To become the chrysalis?
When we creep so slowly upward;
When each day new burden brings;
When we strive so hard to conquer
Vexing, vexatious things;
When we wait, and toil, and suffer,
We are working for our wings.

THE CASE AND EXCEPTIONS. By Frederick Trevor Hill. The Frederick Trevor Hill Company, New York. This is a volume of short stories of counsel and clients. They all furnish entertaining reading, and it is with regret that the book is laid aside after reading the last story. The stories are, with various themes, but are by no means technical, and will be enjoyed by the layman as much as by the lawyer. Several of the stories have to do with the effect of police on law proceedings in the New York courts, and show how even justice cannot be administered in that city without the interference of the politician.

THE MAINWING AFFAIR. By A. Maynard Barbour. J. B. Lippincott & Company, Philadelphia, publishers. Those who enjoy a good detective story will find a rich treat in the book under review. The plot is cleverly contrived and unfolded in such a way as to interest the reader at the start and keep his interest growing until the revelation at the conclusion. The characters are also interesting, and through the story which adds to the pleasure of the narrative. One of the most entertaining features of the book is a lively contest between an American detective and an English detective from the Scotland Yard, among the scenes in the book are thrilling, and many of the situations are strong.



She comes, and the world is brighter;
She comes, and the gloom is relieved;
And the spirit of man is lighter
For this blessing just received.

CURRENT LITERATURE FOR BUSY READERS

Ballade of the Football Man.

Many there be that galling go
Upon the links to have their swing,
Yield in garments gay that glow
As doth the sun when westering;
Said some there be to baseball cling,
And tennis claims its little clan;
But if you want to see "the thing,"
Behold the lusty football man!

Forsooth, he lets his hair to grow
As doth the festive sprout in Spring;
And should both eyes be black as woe
'Tis pride he feels therein—no sting!
Lest followers make the welkin ring
From far Beersheba unto Dan;
And if you'd gaze upon a king,
Behold the lusty football man!

In midnight dreams he "tackles low!"
"A touchdown!" you will hear him sing;
Although there ne'er was such a "show,"
He's every girl "upon the string."
When he goes forth his foes to fling,
The head-guard, nose-guard, shin-guard
Behold the lusty football man!

Makes him a sight for marveling—
Behold the lusty football man!
ENVOY.
Prince, all the other games are slow,
And fall beneath the public ban;
There's only one game now—and so
Behold the lusty football man!
—Clinton Scollard, in December Smart Set.

John La Farge on Truth in Art.

"When I work as an artist I begin at once by discarding the way in which things are really done, and translating them at once into another material. Therein consists the pleasure that you and I take in the work of art—perhaps a new creation between us. The pleasure that such and such reality gives me and you have been transposed. The great depth and perspective of the world, its motion, its never resting, I have arrested and stored upon a little piece of flat paper. That very fact implies that I consider the flatness of my paper a fair method of translating the non-existence of any flatness in the world that I look at. If I am a sculptor I make for you this soft, warm, fluctuating, colored flesh in an immovable, hard, rigid, fixed, colorless material, and it is this transposition which delights you (as well as me in a lesser degree, who have made it). Therefore at the very outset of my beginning to affect you by what is called the record of a truth, I am obliged to ask you to accept a number of the greatest impossibilities: evident to the sense, and sometimes disturbing, when the convention supposed to be agreed upon between you and myself is understood only by one of the two parties in the carrying out of the matter."—From The International Monthly for November.

Chinese Characteristics.

For more than 2,000 years not only has it been a political axiom that the ruler is for the people, not the people for the ruler, but the civil official always taken precedence of the military of the same nominal rank. The civil Viceroy is supreme commander of all the forces in his Viceroyalty, even though he be utterly ignorant of the art of war. In civil and military rank there are nine grades. These are indicated by knobs of precious stones on the crown of the hat. These knobs are usually called "buttons." There are corresponding signs of rank sewn in gold thread in squares on the chest and back of the outer robe. In the case of civilians, these signs are various birds, in that of the military they are animals. A military officer of a certain rank, or "button," is not entitled to wear a sword, nor is he permitted to sit down in the presence of a civil official of the same nominal rank. Literary knowledge commands profound and universal respect, and marks the real upper class of China; military knowledge is held in no esteem. This will serve as an indication of the love of peace so characteristic of the Chinese people. They revere Confucius as something more than man. They admire the excellent system of ethics which he has transmitted. To this system, and to the rich literature connected with it, the Chinese owe their unity and their high ideals of morality. To inquire whether or not their own ideal standard is attain-

ed by them in practical life is beside our present purpose. That standard exists, and is appealed to as the highest and most influential court in the land. No people appeal to and rely upon reason more than do the Chinese. Their instruction from childhood teaches them to trust to reason and not to force for the statement and the acquisition of their rights. Years ago they appealed in this way to Western nations, by whom their appeal was spurned with contempt—hence the present horrors in China. Their etiquette, again, which is strictly observed by all classes, makes a police force unnecessary. Their deference to seniors, their politeness to strangers, their respect for the aged, their restraint on the coarser feelings and on that resort to physical force not uncommon among many Western nations. In all their quarrels I never saw one Chinaman, however angry, strike another. They certainly sometimes do strike with lethal weapons, and murder is committed, but it is so rare that a case never came under my own personal observation.

A Near View of Dr. Holmes.

Physically he was a very small man, holding himself stiffly erect—his face insignificant as his figure, except for a long, obstinate upper lip, which he called his "beard." He had a few strands of white hair on his temples, and eyes full of wonderful fire and sympathy. No one on whom Dr. Holmes had once looked with interest ever forgot the look—his eyes seemed to follow you, and he attracted all kinds of people as a brilliant, excitable child would attract them. But nobody, I suspect, ever succeeded in being familiar with him.

Americans at that time seldom talked of distinction, of class or descent. You were only truly patriotic if you had a laborer for a grandfather and were glad of it. But the Autocrat was patriotic enough to represent the descent of a Dalmo, with 2,000 years of ancestry behind him. He was the finest fruit

of that Brahmin order of New England, which he first had classified and christened. He had too keen an appreciation of genius not to recognize his own. He enjoyed his work as much as his most fervent admirers, and openly enjoyed, too, their applause. I remember one evening that he quoted one of his poems, and I was forced stupidly to acknowledge that I did not know it. He fairly jumped to the bookcase, took out the volume, and read the verses, standing in the middle of the room, his voice trembling, his whole body thrilling with their meaning.

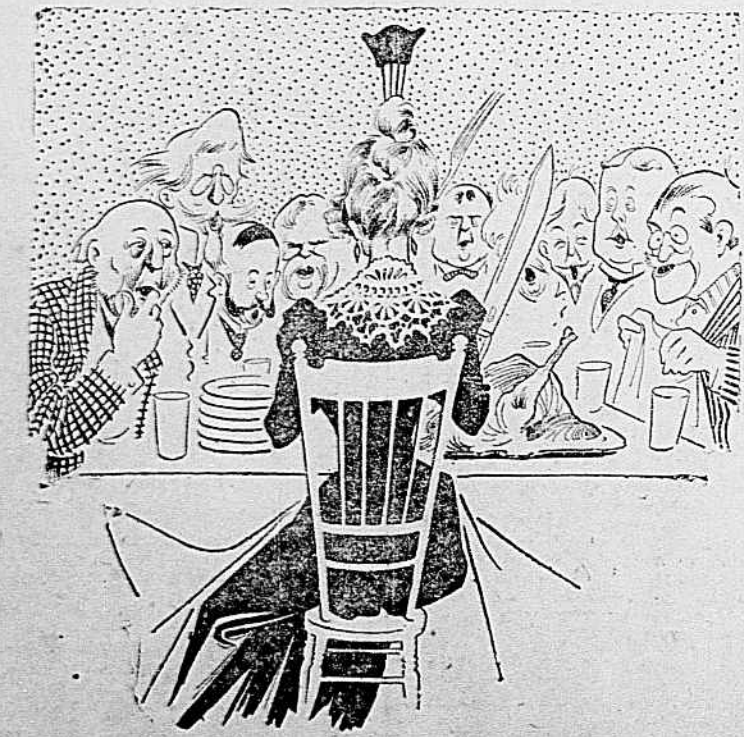
"There!" he cried at the end, his eyes flashing, "could anybody have said that better? Ah-h!" with a long indrawn breath of delight as he put the book back.

America as a Coal-Shipper.

Having found the markets for their coals, it is but reasonable to expect that American capital and enterprise will soon provide the ships to carry them in, and we shall expect to see many a self-trimmed flying the Stars and Stripes in the near future. Nor can we, after a careful review of the coal resources of the United States, of the exceptional ease and cheapness with which they can be mined, and of the readiness with which the very best coal in the States can be brought to the seaboard, but admit that America will, in the near future, be England's most active competitor in the coal trade of the world, and next to the English, the largest owners of ocean colliers.—Engineering Magazine.



Mrs. Kläder—"George, may I write and accept Mrs. Brown's invitation for Bob to attend her boy's Thanksgiving Day party?"
Mr. Kläder—"Yes; and while you are writing you had better write Dr. Kure M. Quick to call the day after Thanksgiving."



Chorus of Boarders—"I'll take a leg—a leg, please—leg for me—leg, if you please!"
Landlady—"Do you gentlemen think this turkey is a centipede?"